



THE COLLEGE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE  
QUADRIVIUM



"Sing unto God."

No. 13.

Lent Term, 1922.



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JOHN B. McEWEN.

# The Academite.

A Magazine issued each Term by Students of the  
ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

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No. 13. ONE SHILLING.

Lent Term, 1922.

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*Editor and Business Manager:*  
RUSSELL E. CHESTER.

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Contributions, clearly written on only one side of the paper, are invited from all students, ex-students and others connected with the R.A.M. Back Numbers are obtainable from the Editor.



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# The Academite.

## Editorial.



IT was Miss Child who had the happy idea of suggesting to the Bishop of London that he should visit the R.A.M. and address the students. All lessons were suspended for an hour on Thursday, March 2nd, and a large gathering of professors and students gave the visitor a hearty welcome.

Dr. Ingram began with a few introductory remarks about the intimate relations which, since Greek times, had been recognised as existing between Religion and Music. He defined Religion as a tie or link with the Unseen God, with the Unseen World, and with the Future. He believed that the Fine Arts were "blessed of God," and that we who were present could, in cultivating our branch of these, make it, if we wished, indeed a Divine calling.

He spoke of man as differing from the lower creatures essentially in being "a praying animal"—of the necessity and logic of a controlling mind—of the decline of atheism as compared with twenty-five years ago—of the force of conscience and of love. Next to the Bible, he said, Browning had most greatly influenced him. He told of a believer's joy and happiness in his religion because of its links with the most beautiful things of life.

As circumstances turning young people from Religion, he mentioned the narrow-mindedness of a home circle or the dullness of Church service or sermon, and told of his own state of doubt between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five and of his ordination only at the age of twenty-six. Religion, he said, never condemns the honest doubter—witness St. Thomas—but reserves a special revelation for him. Above all was needed "the unflinching eye and the open mind" to see and consider things as they are. Happy in and sustained by his belief, he had come that day to offer us the light which he himself had found with difficulty.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie, in expressing our appreciation of the address, referred to the recent deeply-regretted loss of two friends most prominently associated with the Academy. He reminded students of the necessity for considerable forbearance and self-denial during the strenuous times of the coming term.

\* \* \* \*

The loss of our beloved Chairman of the Committee of Management was a sorrow to all who knew him. Sir Edward Cooper's kindly personality will be greatly missed at the Academy, and we shall remember him with affection and respect. In reply to a letter of condolence, we received the following from Lady Cooper:—

11, Harcourt House,  
Cavendish Square, W.

DEAR MR. CHESTER,

Your tender letter of sympathy on behalf of the students of the Royal Academy is very much appreciated. Indeed, I need all the help my friends can give me, and it is no small comfort to know what a large and affectionate circle of them Sir Edward had. He loved all the young people at the Academy, and took the highest interest in their welfare and progress.

Yours sincerely,  
CHARLOTTE L. COOPER.

February 25.

### If Winter Comes—

The trees are bare, the leaves are down  
 Whirling and curling everywhere;  
 But what care I if others frown  
 When howls the wind through sullen sky?  
 The holly's green if fields are brown;  
 I'll watch the storm-clouds chasing by,  
 And what care I, oh, what care I?

The birds are rare, far have they flown  
 From cruel winter's meagre fare.  
 But what care I, the seed is sown  
 And Spring will wake it bye and bye.  
 Have thrush and blackbird silent grown?  
 I'll sing instead while others sigh,  
 For what care I, oh, what care I?

R.E.C.

### Gilbert and Sullivan.



THE study of genius in all its manifold forms is an ever-recurring delight to the thoughtful. Generally it is the study of some master-mind, and only rarely are we confronted with two minds working in different mediums at the same material and yet producing an unified whole which astounds us.

Such is the work of W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, who during the latter half of the last century produced a wonderful series of light operas, which hold us spellbound, even to-day, by the wonderful infusion of two minds, making such a perfect unity.

Think for a moment of that curious land of Gilbert's fantasy—lords and fairies—baronets and ghosts—tower-warders and jesters—military men and aesthetes—policemen, pirates and so on. A curious medley, sure to create a certain amount of drollery merely owing to extremes, but when a master-hand works at these materials he produces not merely a contemporary satire but, as time has shown, a comedy well worth hearing, long after the point of satire has been forgotten.

The secret lies in the unchangeableness of human nature, a fact Gilbert no doubt was aware of. He created characters who, in whatever grotesque positions they may be placed, always behave in a natural manner, and never succumb to being solely exaggerated semblances of passing figures.

On the other side Sullivan possessed a true gift for melody, though perhaps not always of the highest standard. We may rightly say, however, that the balancing of his occasional lapses against his undoubted successes, only reveals to us the inexhaustible fund of this gift in him.

Also it is to be borne in mind that a very high standard in light music of the kind would not always be quite expedient; and it is an interesting fact to notice how much greater is the number of his failures, outside his operatic works.

In writing the music to a song it is taken for granted that the melody must be in keeping with the atmosphere of the words; but where Sullivan triumphs, is not so much in his melodies, fine though they be, but his treatment of those melodies to fit the very essence of the words. How did he do this? By relying (as many moderns do) on extraneous artifices—such as curious instrumental colour? Rarely; at his best, he reaches his end, with the utmost economy of means, through rhythm and interval.

Both Gilbert and Sullivan grasped the position, the former in his words, the latter in his music, that to be truly funny, one must, above all things, be perfectly natural, and not appear to show any bizarrie in that humour.

S. D. ASHLEY.

### Ode To My Professor.

Yet once more, O my Teacher ! And once more,  
Professor dear, whose aid is ever near !  
I come to vex your happy solitude,  
“ And with forced fingers rude,”  
Scatter my notes upon your tortured ear !  
Gird up your strength unto your trial anew,  
Seeing my lesson once again is due,  
And lo ! 'tis time that I should seek the door  
Of Number 40 on the second floor !

I do not come to you as children come,  
Brimful of Hope and Confidence ; as some  
Who have not known discouragement or pain :  
Upon the stainless parchment of whose brain  
Life hath not written aught to be effaced.  
I come to you through years that are awaste !  
Steeped to the lips in sins against your Art  
That I have sinned thro' ignorance of heart  
And not in wantonness. And so I ask  
(Although I grieve for your stupendous task !)  
Forbearance, while my fainting Spirit halts,  
Repentant, to be cleansèd of her faults.

A year has passed, in mists of fear and doubt,  
Since that first autumn day when we set out.  
And you, with Intellect's uplifted lamp  
Have piercèd, even through its gloom and damp  
The thicket of my Darkness ; treading low  
The dangers that beset my footsteps slow :  
Before my face have broken, one by one,  
The tangled branches that obscured the sun.

And so, O ! Man of Cultured Heart and Brain !  
Forgive me, even when your toil is vain !  
Ev'n when I fail to follow as I ought  
The labyrinthine mazes of your Thought,  
Walk slowly still beside my faltering feet,  
And when my Soul is tranced with music sweet  
Bear with me still if I forget the “ Beat ” !

Perchance before another year be spent  
Beneath this stark and staring firmament  
Wherein Professor-Planets slow revolve  
Among their Satellites, I too shall solve  
The riddle of my humbler destiny.  
And on this stern and studious road with thee  
To which from out the wilderness I've clomb,  
I shall behold of my Desire the Home  
(The Art to which allegiance I swore !)  
And Dawn shall find me knocking at the door.  
Perchance your patient hand shall find a key  
That shall unlock it, even unto me !  
And ev'n for me there shall be place and part  
To listen with an understanding heart.

### The Story of Sivert.



DURING the early days of the war I was engaged upon work in connection with a society which had taken up the cause of the permanently disabled soldiers of a certain gallant little country. Our funds were mainly obtained by the organisation of concerts throughout Great Britain, the artistes engaged being in every case refugee musicians who were stranded in this country and were dependent upon such small fees as we could pay them. Part of my duties consisted in travelling with the concert-party, mainly, I am afraid, to act as general peacemaker, and this was one of my experiences.

Just two days before we were due to leave for the North of England, Pivot, the violinist of the party, who was very good-natured and helped me a great deal in dealing with refractory members of the party, walked into my office with the announcement that our tenor (who never failed to bring down the house with "I hear you calling me," sung in atrocious English) had turned us down. He had departed on a music-hall tour, which of course proved far more remunerative.

"How on earth are we going to get another tenor at such short notice?" I asked.

"Oh! that will not be difficult," Pivot replied; "I go now to find one. I have here the names of several men, so I will go and see them and let you know what I have arranged."

He returned later with the welcome news that he had secured a man who he thought might do.

"His name is Sivert, and he is at present working in a sawmill, but he gets only £1 a week, so it would be better for him to come with us. The only thing is that he has no dress-suit, and he must have some boots, shirts and socks before he can come."

"The Committee will arrange for that," I said; "but are you sure he can sing? That is more important than anything else."

"Oh! yes, he can sing," Pivot replied somewhat nonchalantly, as if to be an operatic tenor were far less of an achievement than to work a machine in a sawmill!

"If you will give me his address I will write and confirm the booking. Where does he live?" I asked.

"Just now he lives with his wife and children in one room at Lambeth, but it is of no use your writing, for he cannot read or write."

"My dear M. Pivot," I said, "I suppose you know what you are doing, and I'm trusting you absolutely, but for my part I would no more dream of taking an illiterate Englishman out of a sawmill, dressing him up and putting him on to sing 'Tosca' and 'Butterfly' at Manchester, than I would fly."

"Ah! but, you see, he is not an Englishman," was the cool rejoinder.

\* \* \* \* \*

We were to assemble at Euston on the following Monday morning, and I awaited with anxious suspense my first meeting with the new tenor. My heart sank as I beheld a seedy-looking individual, wearing a very battered-looking hat and an overcoat, very much the worse for wear, which I imagined had started life as a black one. As for his face, that was of a greyish tint, with a long, untidy fair moustache, unintelligent and vacant blue eyes, and a general air of neglect.

I addressed him in French, but received no reply and no answering gleam of intelligence lit up his eyes. I then tried my very limited stock of Flemish, but with no result. In despair I approached Pivot and asked him what language the man did speak, and was informed that he spoke only the patois of his district, and that he (Pivot) was the only member of the party who could converse with him.

Thus we travelled, the new addition to the party sitting huddled up in a corner of the compartment, staring out of the window with vacant, lack-lustre eyes. I thought of the evening's concert, which he was to open, and said to myself, "Oh! Pivot, have you let me down!"

Later on in the evening we met again in the artistes' room of the concert-hall, and though the dress-suit resurrected by a member of the Committee was somewhat large for him, still, with the shirt, shoes and other accessories which Pivot had bought for him, the new tenor did not look as bad as I had expected. When he straightened himself and walked on to the platform for his first song I trembled in suspense.

The accompanist began the exhilarating introduction to "La donna è mobile," and at last I beheld life in the tenor's face. His eyes lit up, his whole being seemed to expand, and he sang the aria with such warmth and assurance that he brought down the house. I could not believe that he was the same man. His voice was a golden tenor, powerful yet sweet, and I could see that he had been most carefully trained.

"Where did he learn to sing like that?" I demanded of Pivot later.

"Well, you see, he was a blacksmith before the War, and he went for lessons to the Conservatoire," he replied.

"What a country!" I remarked. "Here is a man who can't read or write, who apparently never went to school, and yet can sing 'E lucevar le Stelle' like that. You seem to put the cart before the horse over there!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Some time ago, when walking along Oxford Street, I was hailed by an interesting-looking man with a clean-shaven face, who was attired in a well-cut grey suit, with grey homburg hat, patent shoes, cane, and suede gloves complete.

"Mademoiselle, you do not remember me?" he said.

"No, I can't say that I do," I replied.

"You have forgotten M. Sivert then, so soon?" he asked reproachfully.

I gasped with amazement, and then most tactfully said, "Of course, you have shaved off your moustache. That was why I did not know you."

He enlightened me as to his doings since we had last met.

"You see," he explained, "it was terrible for me to hear you all laughing and talking and always to be so absolutely alone. So I make up my mind I will learn to speak English. I go three times each week to the 'night-school' here. I learn to read and to write. I make up my mind that I will read the *Times* every morning. At first I understand but a little, but it get more and more every day. I buy some easy books, then some more difficult. I shave my moustache, I buy some nice clothes, and I am different, eh?"

His face changed. "My wife, it is three years since I see her. I think she is once more back at L——. You see, mademoiselle," he grew confidential, "my wife she is a peasant, that is all. She is common. I try to teach her, but I give it up. I have new friends here, and it is impossible for me to take a woman like that with me to see them."

Alas! the price of education!

E.M.B.

### A Leprechaun's Red Shoe.

O its Ireland, and its Ireland where the Leprechauns abound,  
 And any dusky twilight you may see them sit around  
 While they hammer, hammer, hammer at their tiny leather shoon  
 And sing a song, or weave a spell, till setting of the moon.  
 The Leprechaun is dressed in red, the Pixies' suits are green,  
 And sometimes they will dance in rings, I know because I've seen,  
 And when their laughter mingles, sure 'tis as a silver bell  
 Were floating down the owl-light on a quivering breathless spell.  
 O Irish folk and Irish folk will never grow too old  
 To watch for faery omens, to seek for faery gold,  
 For the pulsing heart of Ireland as it throbs and throbs anew  
 To the hammer, hammer, hammer at a Leprechaun's red shoe.

D.A.

### Sea Picture.

You have loved—these?  
 A shore  
 Rock-bound and desolate—and cool—  
 A salt sea coolness; faery lore  
 In song from secret shells; a pool  
 Rock-rimmed and shallow, haunted by the ghosts  
 Of withered moons, by long-sped hosts  
 Of birds, white-winged as foam-lit seas;  
 By rain-soaked clouds—  
 And shrouds  
 Of pale forgotten dreams. These  
 You have loved—all these?

K. RANEE CORLETT.

### SOCIAL



### NOTES.

Miss Enid Bailey assisted on February 25th at Dr. Percy Hull's organ recital in Hereford Cathedral.

Miss Joan Lloyd recently played at a special matinee at the Hippodrome, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Miss Hilda Dederich was married to Mr. Herman Lindars on February 18th, at Weybridge.

Mr. T. Arnold Fulton, organist and choirmaster of St. Colomba's Church of Scotland, Pont Street, has been appointed conductor of the London Scottish Choir.

The Fellowship Lafontaine Prize was awarded to Mr. B. J. Orsman at the January R.C.O. examinations.

Mr. Howard Fry was a soloist in a performance of Gounod's "Redemption" given by the Dulwich Philharmonic Society at the Crystal Palace.

A Memorial Fund to the late Mr. Julian Clifford is being subscribed to at Hastings. The sum wanted is £3,000, to found a scholarship for conductors. Already £500 has been subscribed.

\* \* \* \* \*

At Nottingham Miss Lucy Goodwin, with Mr. Robert Radford, took part in Haydn's "Creation" and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." Mr. Allen Gill was the conductor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Congratulations to Miss May Blythe, who has made such a good start with the new British National Opera Company. Incidentally, it is interesting to know that the financial success of the season is assured, the advance bookings having constituted a record.

\* \* \* \* \*

A performance of "Pygmalion and Galatea," under Mr. Acton Bond, was given by members of the Dramatic Class at the Lyceum Club, in aid of Earl Roberts' Memorial Workshops.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Olive Turner left for South Africa in February, where she is taking principal rôles in a touring operatic company.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Misses Bessie Kerr, Audrey Goldstein, and Mary Mackie are also touring in South Africa.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Roy Russell, with Mr. Arthur de Greef, took part in a concert at Collingham Bridge Memorial Hall on February 23rd.

\* \* \* \* \*

The National Institute for the Blind has brought out a special edition of music devoted to selected compositions of living blind musicians. The list comprises fourteen pianoforte, six organ, and four vocal numbers. Catalogues may be had on application to the above Institute, 224, Great Portland Street, W.I.

\* \* \* \* \*

Recent recital-givers include the Misses May Bennett and Greta Evans, and Mr. Bryden Monteith. Miss Olga Carmine gave a recital in Brussels on February 21st.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Orazio Fagotti and Miss Annie Chisholm-Davies were married at Marylebone Registry Office in January.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Olive Groves and Messrs. Manuel Jones and Roy Henderson took part in a performance of "Faust" at Cowes, Isle of Wight.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Marjorie Perkins is studying in Vienna.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Jessie Craig has returned to South Africa.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Marjorie Hatchard has been in Melbourne for the past year. She recently gave a concert there with Margaret Anderson and Mildred Mackay (now Mrs. Fuhrman). It seems strange to read in her letter of 100 degrees in the shade in January and a very hot North wind!

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Nancy Chalmers has returned to New Zealand on account of her mother's illness.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Alice Pike, now Mrs. C. Holmes, is living in Newfoundland.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Dorothy Phillips, one of our junior students, won a silver medal for elocution at the recent North London Festival.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Doris Dyer has given a successful concert in Durban, on her return from England.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Mona Watson is studying in Berlin.

GLADYS CHESTER.

### To Genius.

(With Apologies to Wordsworth.)

Genius ! thou shouldst be living at this hour ;  
 The R.A.M. hath need of thee; it is a den  
 Of weary students ; manuscript and pen.  
 Medals, these things which far above us tower,  
 And make us forfeit that great English dower,  
 Our inward happiness. We are selfish men ;  
 But raise us up, return to us again ;  
 And give us inspiration, knowledge, power.  
 Thy soul is like a star, and dwells apart ;  
 Thou hast a voice, full wondrous, and thy words  
 Make easy, little things like Double 3rds.  
 So must we travel on our weary way,  
 Thou comest not ! And I, too, must depart  
 To seek out labours for another day.

M.H.S.

### Kiddy Games.

I help'd ye carpet-beater man  
 Ve last time he was down our way,  
 An' if I'd been a girl like Nan  
 I couldn't, could I ? Yesterday  
 I play'd at footer in ve yard  
 An' had a scrumshus time, an' Mum  
 Told "No!" to Nan ; it does seem hard !  
 But when I didn't do my sum  
 Dad up an' gave me such a whack,  
 An' Nancy when she doesn't try  
 Gets just a *teeny* little smack !  
 Still, who would be a girl?—not I !

D.A.

### The Amateur *par excellence*.

HAT genial figure, the "foreign" artisan who sings melodies from the Italian operas while at work and passes his leisure hours in a café, listening ecstatically to "Carmen" played enthusiastically by a small poorly-paid orchestra, is not, as we generally believe, the literary creation of certain fiction-writers who see all that happens on the other side of the Channel through the rose-coloured spectacles of romantic fancy. In Italy he exists.

Every Italian has in him the makings of an artist, a poet, and a musician, even though he earns his living in a bank or as a butler (in fact, the number of professional artists is comparatively small). There is an irresistible feeling for beauty that manifests itself in all the common doings and every-day happenings of the Italian people—in their work as in their amusements, in their dress as in the graceful courtesy of their manners. They actually suffer from contact with what is ugly—seeing ugly people, listening to ugly sounds, even from babyhood. Quite small children are definite in distinguishing between "bello" and "brutto."

All Italians have musical disposition, and many, great musical talent ; they take much delight in singing, playing, and listening to music, and their folk-songs are both numerous and of exceptional beauty. Strangely enough, the number of Italians who actually *study* music is small, which explains why they prefer the lighter and more lyrical music of their native composers, especially the opera writers of the last century, Puccini, Leoncavallo, etc., to the German classics. In fact, theirs is musical *talent*, as opposed to musical *culture* (the possession of the smaller number of musical students, professors, and artists), but it is a musical talent very widely diffused, and which, when cultivated, bears fine fruit.

The women show their natural good taste in their dress and in the arrangement of their houses. It is not that, like the French, they give exaggerated importance to "La Mode," but they have a decided "penchant" for quiet clothes, simple in cut and becoming in line. Black is very much worn both by men and by women—every peasant has his black "Sunday suit"—and a poor woman will wrap a black shawl over her shoulders and her neatly-dressed hair. That fearful phenomenon, the English servant, in her "going out" clothes has no parallel here; no Italian woman would wear the flower and feather betrimmed "hat" of London's Mary Jane, just as she would never adopt the smart barmaid's coiffure of coils and rolls. It is not only economy that makes the little flower girl don a black dress for her long days in the piazza, it is because she knows that nothing looks better behind her huge baskets of pink and red carnations. When colours are worn, as, for example, in the peasant costumes, they are particularly attractive in their daring but harmonious combination.

The Italians seek pleasing effects in all things—the cook adorns the cakes and puddings with the care of an artist, the florist arranges her bouquets with loving attention and much coloured "tulle," and it is not necessary to speak of the exquisite work of the needlewomen and lace-makers.

It is not surprising that this very gifted people has produced many great artists whose works are chiefly remarkable for their spontaneity and positive beauty; so that, while the countryside is beautified by innumerable decorative dwellings—manifestations of popular taste—the towns possess the world's most marvellous architecture; while the Neapolitan expresses his emotions in perfect little songs, his urban cousins flock to the opera house to hear Rossini and Verdi, and while the Tuscan peasant discusses his daily affairs in imaginative phrases in the most musical language that exists. Italian literature boasts six centuries of geniuses from Dante until D'Annunzio. Versatility, the attribute of almost all Italians, is conspicuous in the great artists; Michelangelo had time after his gigantic labours to write his well-known sonnets, and Leonardo da Vinci was engineer, scientist, poet, and musician as well as creator of the eternally mysterious "Mona Lisa."

Their pronounced emotional powers, psychological insight, and facility of expression make of the Italians dramatic artists of exceptional ability. Emotional display with them is not "taboo," in fact, it is more or less esteemed as a mark of sensitiveness. A child who cries during some touching ceremony is complacently regarded by her mother, who rejoices to see that she shows signs of having a "good heart." Their strong instinct for all that is theatrical and dramatic often makes them exaggerate quite unimportant incidents, and even while their tears flow freely they find a certain amount of satisfaction in their despair. They love pomp and parade and public spectacles. That most depressing sight, a funeral procession, becomes, with them, a picturesque affair with its velvet-draped coffin, its gay flowers, scores of candle-bearers, priests in bright vestments, and crowds on foot singing. All the beautiful ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church are, naturally, of Italian origin.

The Italians have a real appreciation of what is *morally* beautiful; they are idealists and lovers of noble actions. They are fired to enthusiasm by daring, dashing picturesque figures, men who sacrifice themselves for an ideal, or who can perform a "beau geste." This is the people who has followed Garibaldi, Mazzini, and D'Annunzio, and who has made almost a cult of Byron.

With the Italian, art is not a means of making money. He lacks completely all commercial instinct; the student writes poetry without ever a thought of selling it, the small shop-keeper is an enthusiastic baritone who has no intention of appearing on the stage; each loves his art, makes it part of his daily life, practises it for his own pleasure—he is, in fact, the amateur *par excellence*.

TURIN, ITALY.

VERA MARTIN.

**Triolet.**

She sent me her love,  
 My heart leapt with a thrill !  
 I've the letter to prove  
 She sent me her love !  
 Kinder thought did not move  
 Her than friendliness—still,  
 She sent me her love,  
 My heart leapt with a thrill.

R.E.C.

**Football.****ACADEMY'S GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS.**

Since the last club magazine was published the Academy football team has achieved two magnificent victories over the Royal College of Music. On December 9th we reversed a 7—0 defeat into a 4—2 win, and further evinced our superiority on March 3rd by a 2—1 victory. December 9th was the first occasion on record that the Academy has not been defeated by the College, and this reflects the greatest credit on the men who have pulled the Academy athletics out of the mire.

The game on December 9th was played on the College ground at Knightsbridge, Dr. Ralph Vaughan Williams kicking off. The opening exchanges were even, but, finding their feet, the R.A.M. players settled down to some excellent football, and Billington soon put the Academy ahead. The College were not long in equalising, but before the interval Davies gave us the lead. Some strenuous football was witnessed during the second half. The Academy, however, played more effectively, and further goals were added by Dodds and Billington, while the College secured one more from a penalty. The R.A.M. was represented by Henderson (goal); Bartlett and Griffiths (backs); Fulton, Watkins, and Purcell (halves); Davies, Pickering, Billington, Dodds, and Jones, E. (forwards).

The last match was also played on the Knightsbridge ground. Sir Alexander Campbell Mackenzie being unable to attend, Sir Hugh Allen set the ball rolling. Playing with a fairly strong wind, the College were soon attacking and giving our defence an anxious time. After the College had secured the lead the Academy forwards made several spirited attempts on goal, but were unable to equalise during the first half. With the advantage of the wind, our forwards had much more of the game in the second half, but for a while our luck seemed dead out, until Billington notched an equalising goal. The game at this stage was very fast and intensely exciting, with the Academy having the best of the exchanges, but the whistle for time went with the game a draw 1—1, necessitating extra time being played.

After a short spell the Academy players were set to face the wind, but in spite of this disadvantage the defence proved equal to the occasion. On the resumption Billington early put the Academy ahead, amid great excitement. No further scoring occurred, although the R.A.M. had the better of the game. The team lined up : Henderson; Bartlett and Griffiths; Wightman, Green, and Purcell; Fulton, Watkins, Billington, Dodds, and Jones, E.

It would be invidious to specially mention any particular players, for all the men worked well together, and, under many adverse circumstances, played really good football. An expression of gratitude is due to the supporters, especially the ladies, for their enthusiastic encouragement.

The Farjeon cup competition now stands even, the Academy having won the majority of football matches, while the College hockey team has been successful on two occasions. Three cricket matches will be played next term, the winner of two of the matches holding the cup for twelve months.

### Gaudeamus!



RECENTLY I made the acquaintance of a lady who was for eight years an R.A.M. student. She left just over twenty years ago, at least, she says it was "just over," yet I find it a little puzzling to understand how she can remember so clearly the coming of our Principal to the Academy in —, but never mind when. It was ever thus with ladies!

My impression, when discussing the Academy with her, was that she might have left only some ten years ago. Her talk of the Tenterden Street building, where no refreshments were provided, the consequent visits to Buszards, the exorbitant price of red sashes, counterbalanced by their beautiful quality (she still treasures hers), the heartburnings over failed medals and the details that go to make up our student life, all seemed comparatively fresh. It was only when names were mentioned that I realised what a different world hers was; names, many of them famous, that one hardly associates now with our Academy unless one turns over the list of prize-winners from George Hall, King's Scholar in 1834, to the names added in 1921. Needless to say, all prize-winners do not come to fame and glory any more than do non-prize-winners remain in obscurity, and there are several unfamiliar names on this roll of honour; yet so many great names are there that a perusal of these lists cannot fail to act as a stimulating tonic to ambition.

Ten, twenty or thirty years ago almost all of our professors were themselves students, but they are essentially of us and of the present. They keep youthful with the ever-young students in thought and interest, and how could this be otherwise, surrounded as they are with so much bubbling enthusiasm?

On the other hand, my ex-student friend has had very little association with the Academy. She has led a busy, useful life, with marriage and home duties; she has organised an occasional charity concert while taking a keen interest in political questions (she holds an important position in local political life). Yet through all her talk there runs that same sentiment which stands out so clearly from the pages of the "Overture" (the magazine published between 1890 and 1894), and which joins us all together, the love we bear to our Alma Mater and joy in our connection with her.

My friend's student days are cherished in a special place in her heart, surrounded by ever fresh and happy memories, and in every word she utters one feels the tremendous influence of those times. Later on, she hopes to find some prize in memory of her father in gratitude for the privileges she enjoyed at the R.A.M. I ventured to hope it would take the form of a competitive prize for solo violinists, there being no prize of this kind awarded at present. She showed great interest in the Centenary Celebrations, and hopes to attend them. No doubt thousands like her will be there, and probably many will envy us our great privilege of being students on this unique and happy occasion.

G.C.

To the Editor of "The Academite."

DEAR SIR,

I observe in to-day's *Telegraph* that "Mr. Samuel concluded his recital with Bach's Partita in G, played, as usual, con more." As this term does not occur in the musical dictionaries, or even in those still wider fields of erudition, the L.R.A.M. papers, I am writing to inquire whether it is the critic's pretty way of saying that Mr. Samuel gave an encore?

Yours faithfully,

HARRY FARJEON.

12/12/21.

137, FELLOWS ROAD, N.W.

### Condemnation Class.

There was a man, and his name was Read,  
And he lived for Time and Rhythm;  
But the class he had has made him sad,  
For he could do nothing with 'em.

He bade them count to the tunes he played  
To a measure gay or stately,  
But you'd think from the curious sounds they made  
That they hadn't been sober lately.

"Now beat your time!"—and the pencils waved  
Like a field of corn in the autumn,  
But no human feet could have followed the beat,  
And he told them so when he caught 'em.

And oft, on a drowsy Summer's morn  
(Though his heart was kind within him)  
He made them sing a horrible thing  
With the quavers tied to a minim.

They clapped their hands and they stamped their feet,  
Some callous and some delirious,  
But from playing a piece in the time they beat  
May the Blessed Saints deliver us!

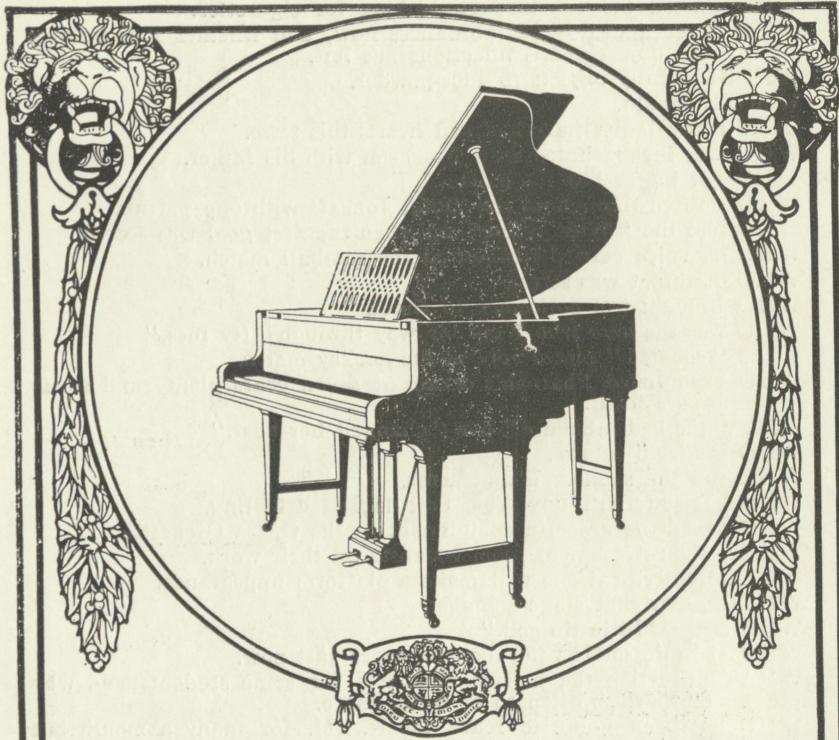
A SORROWING MEMBER.

### "The Two Gentlemen of Verona"

Shakespeare had settled in London about 1584-5, and had joined the Earl of Leicester's Company, then performing at The Theatre in Shoreditch. From minor posts such as prompter, or actor of small parts, he soon attained the position of author-in-ordinary to his company, especially in the capacity of reviser and adapter of existing dramatic work. He was already a prominent actor in 1594, when he played with Burbage and Kemp before the Queen at Greenwich. From 1591 to 1611 he was producing his series of plays at the rate of two in every three years. "Love's Labour's Lost" was his first attempt at original dramatic composition, and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" followed immediately; it was written, then, before 1592, and was published in the first folio of 1623.

The story of a woman who follows her lover in the disguise of a page-boy, and who acts as go-between in his suit of another woman, is to be found in a pastoral romance by Montemayor, a Portuguese who wrote in Spanish about 1550. This tale is not complicated by a Valentine, and it ends with *Silvia* dying for love of the supposed page-boy! A play based on this story was acted in England in 1584, but is now lost. In "The Two Gentlemen," the idea that treachery, caused by some obsession, is at the root of most tragedy, was treated by Shakespeare at length, perhaps for the first time. This idea remained through all his life as the guiding principle of dramatic action. He shows us two fine young men becoming morally blind with passion, in a company not so blinded. Shakespeare neither praises nor blames; it is we who conclude that treachery looks ugly beside its opposite.

R.E.C.



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### Guess !

WHO has been knitting a canary jumper for six months.  
 WHO missed his cue through looking for cigarettes.  
 WHO never appears at Club dances now, and whether it is because  
     the object of his affections has left.  
 WHOSE family objects to face-powder.  
 WHOSE should.  
 HOW many ladies have had sad hearts this term.  
 WHO was incapacitated after luncheon with his father.  
 WHO got the best of the batch.  
 WHO danced throughout the "Paul Jones" with one partner.  
 WHO had the "West Wind" up when the first goal was scored.  
 WHOSE voice carried furthest at the football match.  
 WHOSE throat was sorest.  
 WHO brought two policemen to shout.  
 WHO was the hero who "cut his way through fifty foes."  
 WHO "shouted" mezzo voce at the hockey match.  
 WHO exemplified Pharaoh's dream of seven years plenty and seven  
     years lean.  
 HOW "the bad influence" has "changed her beat."  
 WHO is afraid of fire.  
 WHO has the saddest life at home.  
 WHO has suffered lately from that neglected feeling.  
 WHO payed the graceful compliment to the Opera Orchestra.  
 WHEN the refreshment room vocalists do their work.  
 WHEN the critical one will make a platform appearance.  
 WHERE *was* that stage-manager.  
 WHO is the "little tin god."  
 WHICH professor has the dancing craze just now.  
 WHAT attraction the artists' room has for some students and why  
     they are so often to be found there.  
 WHO has been going to leave the R.A.M. for many a month but  
     hasn't yet.  
 WHO was described as "A pencil on two match sticks," and by whom.  
 WHO is referred to as "Kelly."  
 WHAT was the students' war-cry during Opera Week.

### Have You Read?

- "Counterpoint," by Watcyn E. Meene.
- "The Lost Chord," by Lettice Hunt.
- "Thoughts on Music," by Mina Knott.
- "A Quintet—a Scotch Study," by Vera Flatt.
- "The Impressario," by Georges Carpentier.
- "The Unfinished Symphony," by Adeline More.
- "Elements of Music," by Ida Nowe.
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